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THIRTY LITTLE STRANGERS.

Thirty little strangers are in New York, having arrived by steamship on Saturday, seeking refuge from a terror. They are orphans. Curiously, they have fled from the land of a "Little Father." They bear the marks of Cossack swords and hammers. They carry the memory of mothers and aged grandmothers dragged and beaten to death; of fathers and grandfathers shot before their eyes.

These littles ones had been told that in coming to America they would reach a nation of safe and happy homes; that they would be free from persecution and peril; that they would be welcome to a land of liberty and love and just laws.

Yet to-day, at the very portal of that new land, they are stopped and are threatened with being sent back to the old world. Officials bar their way with red tape. Despite assurances to the contrary-provision for the care of the children having been made in advance by local societies—the Eilis Island Board of Special Inquiry holds that these orphan boys and girls may become public charges!

It is said of the thirty refugees that they are as promising and intelligent as any who have come to this port in years. A country does not well which loses such possibilities in future citizenship. That these children have been driven from Russia is another link in the chain of events because of which Nicholas II. has been called the unluckiest of

If they are also to be driven from America on the strength of a redtape decision by a narrow-minded board, we have fallen far from our old, generous, open-door estate.

A plea for the children has already gone to Washington. There is hope that Ellis Island may be quickly overruled. The tragic tales that the small refugees have to tell should aid their cause, even as they swell the arguments of human right and human pain which shall one day prevail in a new Russia-

With a queer Russian word which he utters fiercely, a four-yearold boy among the little strangers in New York describes the swordsman who left a long, fearful cut across his baby head. The word is "chazarim," which means "beast." It is a timely term. The beast is at large in Russia; not the legendary bear of the national symbolism, but an ugly usurper whose days are numbered.

Says a bright girl of thirteen, whose head bears the terrible scar left by a hammer's blow:

I fell down in death. When I came back to life I was in the home of friends. In the land from which the children have fled, liberty and justice fell down long ago in death, but they, too, shall presently come back to life in the house of friends. First a great many more men and women will die and more children will flee, but not in vain.

Like the little girl with the scar the thirty strangers in New York should find themselves in the house of friends. They may be expected to grow up into the kind of Americans least likely to abuse the freedom

LONELY AND NO ONE TO LOVE.

New York is a lonely place for many of its inhabitants. Every year tens of thousands of young men come here from everywhere. Their ambitions, hopes and desires lead them to this great market place. Their fathers and mothers, their sisters and the other men's sisters whom they knew in their childhood and boyhood stay home in the country villages, on the farr... and in the smaller cities where these young men were born.

Not 10 per cent. of the men in New York City to-day had two grandfathers resident on Manhattan Island. The great cosmopolitan popula- The Young Man with the Missouri Mind Who



The widows' syndicate that mulcted so many men had its working basis on the prevalence of loneliness. The appeal to avarice was a good cloak for financial profit, but the appeal to the natural desire of all men for feminine companionship. was the basic feature of the syndicate's success. The widows' state ments about their incomes, their Mexican mines, their Indiana coal

in improving their social station than as an argument to cupidity. As one of the victims explained to the police court magistrate, "I

was lonely and had no one to love, and when I saw the advertisement I thought maybe there was some woman in New York as lonely as I was." The hall bedrooms of hundreds of boarding-houses are occupied by

young men who do not know any young women of the kind they knew at home. In every office there are bright, struggling young men from whom feminine social life is absent.

Some of these young men grow to middle age and Ac old age without having any social life except with their men friends and their clubs and the all-night restaurants. They are lonely, and their lack of some one to love is a real substantial loss from their lives.

In a country town everybody knows everybody else. A new young man has not been there a week before the girls know what he looks like, what kind of man he is

and where he came from. If he is musically inclined the church choir is open to him, and within a month he can know every girl in the congregation. The little social festivities welcome him. His employer takes an interest in how, he spends his evenings. The neighborhood interest helps regulate his habits.

There can be no double life-in a country town. If a man there has two families the other family must



In New York no one takes a real interest in a stranger except in business. The supervision of employers over young men is purely business, to see that they do their work and do not steal. The churches are open in a way, but for religious and not social purposes. The New York clubs are men's clubs.

be located somewhere else,

Since the number of unattached

at is, young women that have no family ties or connections in New York-there should be some way to bring them and lonely young men in social contract. Such a void should not

Why Jerome Will Run.

By J. Campbell Cory.



THE MEN in THE NEWS Straight Talks to Them -By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

WHEN DE TEACHER GETS DAT NOTE HELL SAY * POOR WILLIE JOHES .13 SICK AGAIN*

ME MOTHER!

tion here has its family traditions Insists that Even His Father Will Have to "Show Him."

property and the visible signs of their affluence were really more effective Bons were the pieger you can make your own? Some mighty huntsman once told the Duke will be story of the Bulke looked a little doubtful, and the First.

The story-teller said: "You don't believe it?" "Oh. yes." said the Duke; "I Take my advice, Theodore II. As you would not be met with a tape measure must since you say it. But if I had seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it." when you return to Oyster Bay and tell the story of your own triumphs, bury the measure must is the true, sportsmanlike attitude towards fishing and hunting stories. The same percentage of honesty among them that there is in honesty among them that there is in honesty among them that there is in

my Selector got sule from eater Canda and wont be ter skoole to day ?! Hopin you will excuse hand Dam yours

Down Teacher

THE DIARY OF A BAD BOY.

Believe in the size of the antelope that got away from father as on your return you would have him credit the proportions of the grizzly you "just missed. You know neither the grizzly nor the antelope can ever come back to deny it.

EAR THEODORE ROCSEVELT, JR.—So you're going out to verify father's fishing and hunting stories. Not that you doubt the governor's word, the Denver papers quote you as saying, but you simply can't get away from the old saw, "Seein's believin'."

I wonder if you think a new hastleer the grizzly nor the antelope can ever come back to deny it.

If the animals won't talk, what corroborative evidence is left? Only the guides; proverbially the biggest liars out of politics. Surely, you don't want to make them about Theodore Senior's provess, of course, you said. "Seein's believin'," upon arriving in Denver, We must be animals and the proventially the biggest liars out of politics. Surely, you don't want to make allowance for that.

You hadn't felt the allitude then, hadn't yiewed the vertices.

You hadn't felt the allitude then, hadn't yiewed the vertices.

I wonder if you think a new jungle is to be gathered together for your sake; if you suppose the coyote or the mountain itom at the end of your rifle barrel will turn in his tracks to tell you that his grandfather perished at the

his tracks to tell you that his grandfather perished at the hand of Theodore, Senior, or that new bagheerss and sakelas will talk to you as their ancestors did to Mowgi.

singing a united saga of the President behind the gun!

When you go back to Oyster Bay, do you expect to present affidavits signed and sworn to by the surviving you as the "Kissing Camels," the "Stage Horses," &c. and to the unimaginative grigalies, and antelopes that the trophies you lay proudly Fastern mind it will seem as if even Noah wouldn't recombs them. at father's feet were actually shot by you? No man can be last year when I was in Colorado, I mortally offended a Colorado woman by a hero to his valet, perhaps, but every man should be a saying I preferred to look at animal crackers, because the resemblances were a hero to his valet, perhaps, out every man should be a saying hero to his son. Don't you know that the bigger father's so much stronger. But gradually one falls into the superstition, and the same garden of the Gods comes to represent the petrified hunting grounds of all the Some mighty huntarian once told the Duke of Wellington a story of an in- gigantic animals dreamed of by mighty hunters from Nimrod to Theodore so?" we asked.

By "Pop. ' LETTERS FROM

That Extra Nickel.

To the Editor of The Evening World: cents instead of fitteen for a shave. Grand Central depot. When the driver Already one gets the "trust raxor" at came back he turned in a purse with lots of places unless he gives a ten-cent a lot of personal memoranda in it and up extra. Why bleed us (in both section) more than now? Garlie-fringed "It had been left in the carriage by York prices. SERVUS TONSORIS.

A Test of Fortitude. To the Editor of The Evening World:

Herbert Spencer wrote of the "survival of the fittest." The "fittest" must have in Brooklyn. 'No others could survive the jamming of maddened crowds.

The survive the fittest who is the man who found it never said anything on the subject I know how he feels about virtue being its own reward, &c. He is a new man and I into Bridge and "L" rain doorways. When, trembling and exhausted, I, an old Manhattanite, gain the inside of a car, I find that fragile, little Brooklyn women have undergone the same crush without turning a bair. Great is Brooklyn. A stern but strengthening master is the Brutal Rough-house Trance-fit! BAY RIDGE.

Here's a Record Name.

To the Editor of The Evening World: proaching in circumference the once "that we do man named John David Henry Curtis

Peter Joseph Robert Blair Conrad. He was named for his uncle, John Pavid Henry Curtis Peter Joseph Robert Blair Conrad. He bridge rush was on. The human stream swept past them as a wild stream swept past them as a wild stream swept past them as a wild and raging torrent. Orester and greater became the flood of men and the women.

I think it holds the record; but I'd like to hear from others. P. S. G., Jr.

Natural History Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

May I ask natural matery students for cried the doctor.

"Your on," cried the doctor.

The manager won. Five minutes went by and still no fat man a went by and still no fat man early beared.

"Well," said the doctor. "Easte another for Urocklyn. Sure cure for obeaity."

Present against the Pullizer Building the fat men came blowing and puffing in the midst of the crowd.

"What chance has a fat man here?" "Hey, there!" called the doctor.

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"Well," said the doctor. "Yell," said the doctor. "Yell," said the doctor. "Yell," said the doctor man named John David Henry Curtis, All lived in Manhattan.

May I ask natural matory students for eried the lawyer. aco" does it moisten its pars with its ager. "Look at 'em. Every one's as "Am summering at Shy Cate. Missed to gave then rub its naw over its checks, lean as Pat McCarren."

In gave then rub its naw over its checks, or does it rub the dirt off its face with its paw, then lick the dirt off its paw with its tensies.

And it was true—almost. There every time I go by bridge."

Were feathers, bantsma, light-weights The four Manifatian fat men demonstration of the control of

The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

Nc. 19 .- JOAN OF ARC and the Freeing of France.

THE great presence-chamber of the French court was crowded to the doors. On a dats at the upper end of the room sat a gorgeously attired man, surrounded by flattering courtiers. Into that brilliant assemblage a poor peasant girl was unbered. It was ushered. Her tanned face was nomely, but lighted by unusually large, melancholy eyes the eyes of a mystic. She was of medium height, and stout, her figure roses the eyes of a mystic. She was of medium height, and stout. her figure possessing the squareness and strength of a toiler in the fields. She was Joan, the peasant's daughter, of Domremy.

Her eyes swept the gay court, rested indifferently on the gaudy form in the chair of state, then passed on to a far corner of the room, where she singled out a plate. out a plainty dressed man who stood unnoticed in a lesser group of courtiers. Going up to this man, she knelt before him, saying:

"You are Charles, the Dauphin (Crown Prince) of France

Going up to this man, she knell before him, saying:

"You are Charles, the Dauphin (Crown Prince) of Prance!"

A murnur of amazement ran through the li-feiling crows. The Dauphin raised the peasant girl to her feet. The smile of derission that had curled his lips gave place to a look of awe. Joan of Arc's career had begun.

France and England had for centuries been bitter fors. They were forever at was with each other. (These wars endured at intervals until the battle of Waterloo, in 1815.) France had been repeatedly beaten by the better disciplined is landers. Invasion after invasion on the barl of the Banders. Invasion after invasion on the barl of the Standers. Invasion after invasion on the barl of the by the English. (Life and 1856) had weeked france and the son, "the Hack Prince," in the battles of Creev and troy and had annexed it to England. Edward III, I had several times invasion of the son, "the Hack Prince," in the battles of Creev and the savety flower of chivalry; whereas as a matter waste, massacring women and children and cruely wringing exorbitant ransoms. Later, Hery to the registed had further, subject france, and the country's brave defenders as fell alive into his bands. If tenth century, England had conquered all the country north of the River but of France and sell-France, lying helplers, almost paseive, in the grip of the French through his of Henry V. was crowned not only king of England here is the same and children and cruely wringing exorbitant ransoms to open the proposed and the country north of the River but of France and the same well-France, lying helplers, almost paseive, in the grip of the French through should have been crowned on his father's death, but he had no genius or around a subject to the proposed mander of the proposed of the province of low she had no more my to a mailer. Tradition ha

and drove them helter-skelt beyond the ofre. Then she returned and assisted at Charles's coronation at Rheims. Her double mission thus accomplished, she begged thave to go back to her double mission thus accomplished. But that would not hear of it. He canobled her and her lamily and sent her to wrest had no further divine call. Charles relied on the fanatic critical manner of the fanatic critical manner of the fanatic critical manner. Accomplished.

Accomplished.

Charles, who owed her his kingdom, made no effort to ransom or rescue her and did not sur a finger in her behalf.

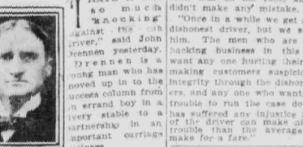
The English tried her as a sorceress and a heretic. Although no crime or deceit could be proven against her, they pronounced her guilty, and on May 20, 1811, burned her at the stake.

Thus died Joan of Arc, holy martyr naid, and the bravest, purest patriot the world has ever known. Deserted by the King whose throne she had saved; although as a witch and comment or inclination. Accounted were not invincible. France had awakened from the land she had rescued, yet the work she had begun was destined to live on forever.

She had aroused the French spirit of patriotism and had proven that the English were not invincible. France had awakened from the thrapy of despair, trenceforth the war against England was so strongly wasked that within a contury of so the last British stronghold on French soil was captured, and—thanks to the murdered Domremy mades—France was free!

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill. HATE to hear took him on his face, and I'll bet 1



Drennen is a want any one hurting their business by oning man who has making customers suspicious of their

"Knocking" . "Once in a while we get stung with a last the cub dishonest driver, but we soon blacklist calnut the all dishonest driver, but we soon blacklist wer," said John him. The men who are running the rennen yesterday. hacking business in this town don't noved up in to the integrity through the dishonesty of driv. in errand boy in a trouble to run the case down when he scable to a has suffered any injustice at the hasely of the driver can make aim lots more trouble than the average driver can make for a fare." rinership in

Why do you say

other warks of life. We have constantly occurring instances of honesty among cabmen, and with the exception of the 'nighthawk' fellow and his sort, they are reliable as could be expected from men who have had no more advan-J. THE PEOPLE. tages than they have here.

"The other day we got a call from an exclusive Madison avenue residence to send a coupe for shopping and to read of the plan to charge pwenty deliver the passengers finally at the

conversation and a possibly contami-nated razor, and an often careless or strangely enough there was no inquiry "It had been left in the carriage by incompetent operator seem to me quite enough for us to bear, without the scrual price of shaves joining in the New 'phone to ask if she had left such a purse in the carriage. When she heard it was found she said: "Please send it up!" And never thanked us for returning it.

THE NU LANGWIJ.



The Brooklyn Obesity Cure.

By H. Burke,

were standing in front of the the street.

Were standing in front of the the street.

"I'll bet a hat," said the manager. Pulitzer Building. All Were stout, ap-

said the doctor. information on the following noise. "None," said the doctor, tific(") boint?-When a cut "wasnes its "Eut they aren't fat," said the man-

OUR men a lawyer, a doctor, a The crowd surged past at the rate of the atrical man and a reporter a hundred a second, overflowing inte

proaching in circumference the once "that we don't see a fat man on the

"What are you dolor in that crowd?" You don't live in Erooklyn, do you?" my bold to-night. Lose five pounds